

9th Dec
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Centurion I

Joel Lindsey ^{hys} ~~scans~~

Hilversum

Dear Miss Kathleen Parlow.

Probably you will be very astonished to receive a letter from some one you do not know at all.

If you want to know something about me, I can tell you in a few words, for there's nothing particular about me.

1° I'm a girl 2° I'm 16 years old.

3° My name is Lucy Martin.

Miss Kathleen Parlow I've such an intense admiration for you, that I cannot find out why I should not write you this.

Since I was a very little girl I loved you and your violin. At home on the gramophone I've got all sorts of records I could get from you. and if I play them they give me such a strange feeling. that I'm sure an acquaintance between you me and me would do nothing but good ~~to me~~.

I don't see why, if one person admires so another person so immensely so intensely it should be wrong to yield to this inclination.

Surely "love" is the most beautiful and highest thing in life. I have an idea that if some one loves so much another one, that nothing but ^{the} "good" can be the consequence of a meeting between those people. So don't understand what for bad things can be the consequence perhaps this is a very narrow minded optimistic remark from you're perhaps very idealised may be, but in any case I don't see the dark side of it.

The only thing could be, that I only should write you this letter in order to receive a few words and a signature from you to show it would to every one, but of course this is excluded for your letters are for me a sort of holy paper. Written by a saint and those things are only for myself and for no one else. perhaps very egoistic but that's perhaps you're again.

Another reason could be that I'm to little a personality to keep my love on one person perhaps it is wrong to think my love's demand are now already answered if this is so do write me and tell me it is wrong ~~because~~ ~~I'm afraid~~ I To judge already about "love" is perhaps very stupid. but really there is nothing higher for me than

you

It's just as if your love is the thing I looked for my whole life. I'd hear your name it is as if people swear as if a name of a saint is used for ~~for a~~ it is really so difficult to know your love is so near, in the same room and to night in the same room. Oh! And it is very hard struggle to leave every time as I am at your concerts.

And why? Why might I not to tell you my love, is it wrong? It's no sin, is it? But then if I ask again why should I do it than I have no other answer but because my intuition says I must.

Perhaps this is very impulsive perhaps it is weak, may be but Oh! never mind I love you so much it's just as if you are the light in the darkness if I think of you Oh! then I love you so much. And what's now the aim of this letter? I think it has no aim, only to tell you my real true love and admiration.

I feel as if I ought to thank you all my life
through. just as well as I would thank a person
who has saved my mother out of a fire or out of
the water or something like that.

Why is life so hard in these beautiful
things to. You might just as well think me
an awful sentimental child who tries to do
very silly or something like that. Of course if you
really think this, then I should be very sorry because
and the best thing to do should be never to
think any more of writing you.

I must stop writing this letter
will annoy you.

With love from Sue.

Is it possible that you if you
might give an extra number to night
that it can be Legende 14th Bay

Wimawsky

All the girls here ask it if you
would like to play it.

Bye Bye.

